TOPICS IN PARIS.

FESTIVITIES AND FUNERALS - PRINCESS MATHILDE'S QUEER LAWSUIT-WOES OF THE BICYCLISTS-GAMBLING AND PUBLIC BILLIARD TABLES.

Paris, November 2. Busy and full of incident has been the last week here. Indeed, it could not have been more so had we been in throes of the Parisian season instead of at its outset. There has been no end of grand marriages, magnificent funerqueer lawsuits, the Feast of St. Crispin, All Saints' Day, the close of the flat racing season; and last, but not least, the Day of St. Hubert. St. Crispin is the patron saint of bootmakers, cobblers and tanners, who combined to celebrate the festival by a high mass in the ancient Church of St. Medard, which stands in the midst of the quarter of Paris principally affected by knights of the awl and by the leather industry in general. In happy contrast to former years, All Saints' Day was favored with respectable five restrictions of the metropolis. Up to the present moment a government license and a police permit were needed for each public billiard table, and any wheelon keeper, cafe promarkably fine weather, and thus became a real fete day to the Parisians. The churches, in many instances beautifully decorated, were crowded at both morning and afternoon services, and of the numbers that visited the cemeteries an idea may be gained from the fact that, whereas last year barely 200,000 people visited the graves of the dead, this year nearly is singularly appropriate that this Jour des Morts should be just the particular day in the year which the undertakers mutes and other officials connected with the great funeral enterprise known as the Pompes Funebres should have adopted as their annual festival, which they celebrated, as usual, by the banquet popularly known as "the banquet of the sour barriers". herring," owing to its date coinciding with the arrival of the sour herrings in the Paris markets. The banquet was followed by a ball, at which, if we are to believe the reports of certain of the Parislan papers, the ladies were crepe sashes and were offered bouquets and wreaths of immortelles in lieu of the usual floral tributes. The celebration of St. Hubert's man-of-war. And yet, when one pays a visit to Day has greatly fallen off since the Duc d'Aumale abolished the hunt at Chantilly, at the time of his banishment, and the St. Hubert's Mass, with its attendance of the huntsmen and piqueurs in full livery, and the blessing of the baying hounds at the church door by the officiating priest, can only be seen in any of its old-time splendor at the chateaus of the

great Jewish bankers and financiers which sur-

round Paris, and whose proprietors deem it

survival of feudal customs along with the fam-

ily portraits which they have purchased from

the original proprietors of the castle.

The funeral of Princess Marguerite of Orleans had the effect of bringing together the whole of the Faubourg St. Germain, as well as of all that portion of Parisian society that wishes to abe considered as pertaining thereto There must have been at least two or three thousand people who attended the obsequies, crowding athe grand courtyard and salons of that mag nificent palace, the Hotel Lambert, and also the ancient church of St. Louis-en-l'He. The walls of this church were entirely concealed by black draperies bearing the arms of the Czartoryskis, who formerly reigned as Grand Dukes of Lithuania, and are to this day the principal survivors of Polish royalty. Among the wreaths round the bier I noticed in particular one from the Princess of Wales of violets and tea roses, with a card bearing this legend in the handwriting of the Princess: "In loving remembrance of a faithful and devoted friend and cousin. Alexandra." Lord Dufferin, the Ambassador, brought a magnificent wreath from Queen Victoria, while the Portuguese Ambassador laid a similar offering from his King and Queen at the foot of the catafalque. At the close of the religious ceremony the coffin was placed in the crypt of the church where it is to remain until arrangements have been made for its transfer to the Czartoryski Castle of Sienawa, in Austrian Poland, for interment in the family vault. The Princess was tall, slight, and supremely elegant; her features were delicately chiselled, her eyes blue and expressive, while her hair was pale gold. She is remarkably sympathetic attitude of the crowd which lined the streets through which the funeral procession passed, and which was composed for the most part of people belonging to the humbler walks of life.

Many houses of the Faubourg will be thrown into mourning by the death of the Marquis de Turenne, whose funeral took place on the day following that of the Princess Marguerite and one of whose sons had recently been mentioned by the newspapers here as likely to become the husband of Mrs. Deacon. The Hozier, as the French Liber d'Oro, or Peerage, is called here, was well represented at the funeral, imperialists and royalists uniting to render a last tribute to the fine old sailor.

and royalists uniting to render a last tribute to the fine old sailor.

Another notable death was that of a man belonging to an entirely different class of society. He used to go by the name of "Father Prospectus," and for a quarter of a century had earned his living by frequenting those particular thoroughfares of the capital where the largest number of trade prospectuses and handbills are distributed. He seemed to know by intuition just the streets and the days where they were to be found in largest quantities, and was wont to collect enough to yield him an income of a frane a day.

Princess Mathilde Bonaparte has just been figuring as defendant in a rather amusing law-suit, in which the principal point at issue was a cow. It seems that during the past summer the Princess had staying with her at St. Gratien the grandchildren of the Comte Benedetti, formerly French Ambassador at Berlin, and that as the little boys required a large allowance of milk, the Princess purchased a Breton cow, which was guaranteed to yield ten litres of milk a day. The Herton cow did not folill the expectations as to her capacity, and the Princess hereupon returned the animal to the seller, and got from him instead a more expensive cow of the Picardy bread. At the close of the season the Princess was astonished to receive a demand for payment for bottows, and as she declined to pay for the Breton both at showed and the first of the season the Princess was astonished to receive a demand for payment for bottows, and as she declined to pay for the Breton both at shome and abroad in connection with the savings of the lower classes of the Frence has so often been made by statemen both at home and abroad in connection with the savings of the lower classes of the Frence has no often been made by statemen both at home and abroad in connection with the savings of the lower classes of the Frence has no often been made by statemen both at home and abroad in connection with the savings of the lower classes of the Frence has no often been made by

the savings of the lower classes of the French bourgeoisic and of the peasantry, has hitherto been regarded to a great extent in the light of a mere figure of speech. The impression has, however, been for once in the way upset by the will of the late M. Rossignol, a member of the Academy, who died here the other day, bequeathing the whole of his fortune to the city of Paris. The entire sum amounted to nearly 1,000,000 francs, and was found in the drawers of three or four old-fashioned bureaus in his bedroom, packed away in old woollen stockings, each one carefully tied at the end and ticketed with dates from which it appeared that certain of them had not been opened from the time of the Commune.

such an extent has bicycling become the To such an extent has bicycling become the rage here that the various railroads leading out of Paris have been forced to form a combination fouring the past week for the purpose of organising a certain number of rules and regulations in connection with the transport of the swift wheel, which has been the cause of no end of trouble and annoyance to the companies. Thus, a few days ago, just before the express train left for Havre, no less than sixty-eight bicyclists presented themselves armed with tickets, demanding transportation for themselves and their machines. Of course there was plenty of room for the men, but the question of carrying the bicycles was a matter of greater difficulty, and involved the addition to the train

of a couple of baggage wagons and a delay of over fifteen minutes. The fact is that if one puts more than a certain number of bicycles in a car the jolling of the train bangs them together and injures them, the railroad company being thereupon held responsible for the damage. An attempt has been made by the railroad authorities to make each bicyclist sign a document releasing the company from all responsibility in connection therewith, but the courts held that the owners of wheels were under no obligation to give any such document, whereas the companies were bound to carry the machines. Beaten on every point by the persistency of the wheelmen, the railroad companies have now under consideration a scheme for the organization of a number of cars on each line to be devoted exclusively to the conveyance of bicycles, much in the same way that horse boxes are provided. By this means the managers hope to be freed from the obligation under which they at present labor, of conveying wheels as ordinary baggage, and of storing them at ordinary baggage rates at the various depots, which is a source of annoyance, trouble and great expense.

M. Lepine, the new Prefect of Police, has

police permit were needed for each public biliard table, and any wineshop keeper, cafe proprietor or open club manager who was found to be operating a public billiard table on his premises without having paid the tax and obtained the permit was subjected to severe penalities. By a sweep of the pen M. Lepine, who has already made a record for enlightened severily and for common-sense, has abolished both the tax and the permit, and henceforth everybody who likes to do so will be at liberty to keep a public billiard table. M. Lepine hones thereby to diminish the frequentation of to keep a public billiard table. M. Lep hopes thereby to diminish the frequentation the semi-nubils

IT IS VERY HARD WORK.

A NAVAL OFFICER WHO THINKS THAT HE HAS ALTOGETHER TOO MUCH TO DO.

Every nation loves its navy, and the heart of the landsman goes out to the poor fellows who are cooped up for life within the steel walls of a such a ship as the new cruiser, New-York, he is filled with envy of the captain, the lieutenants and even the ensigns. When he stands upon the spar deck and gazes around he realizes that has beneath his feet probably the finest war ship in the world, and feels that he would like to be part of her. He addresses nimself to a lieutenant, enthusiastically:

"I'd give everything I've got in the world to be an officer on this vessel!"

"Take my place and let me go ashore," was the reply, quick as a flash.

necessary to adopt this peculiar aristocratic "If it were possible I would exchange with you What a time you have! Pets of the Government, pets of the women. Nothing to eel proud of your ship and yourselves. Wear the handsomest uniform in the world, look spick and span, ready for business whether in love or war, Ah, what a life!"

The lieutenant seemed sad. "You know not what you are saying," he an-wered. "You can have no idea how hard a life we lead. Look at that, and tell me if we lie on a bed of roses!

Opening a locker he flung out a pair of overalls, blue, greasy, painted, oily, rusty. At sight of them the eyes of the landsman filled with tears of the eyes of the landsman filled with tears of sympathy. And he, that beautiful officer, so spick and span, actually wore those nasty things?

"Is it possible that you, too, have to help scrub the decks? My conscience! I should never have thought it. I believed that was left to the jack tars and the midshipmen. It must take you a couple of hours every morning, even with the assistance of your 500 seamen. I don't believe I'll exchange with you."

"What makes you think I help to scrub decks? I never said so."
"Those filthy things. What do you do in them? Rub up the guns, maybe?"
"Oh, no. Once a week I have to inspect the inside of the hull, and it is necessary to craw! through some very small holes, so to save my uniform I put on these oversils."
"Once a week? Is that all you have to do?"
"Well, no. I drill some of the men in the morning—three mornings a week. I have just finished drilling a squad, and feel exceedingly tired. I was at it at least an hour and a quarter."
"Anything else disagreeable?"
"I have to go on watch occasionally."
"You don't tell me so? It is pretty rough, ain't it? I never dreamed you fellows had such a terrible amount of hard work to do. The life of an officer is not a folly one. Do you ever have a holiday?"

"Only two a week. The first, I am so tired that I lie around the ship to get rested. The second, I have to make a few calls, and when they are over I hurry back to get ready for work the next day." "Well, old fellow, I sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart. Fill go ashore and stay there. Can I send you anything to make life more pleasant?"

pleasant?"
"Thank you, no. The City of New-York has giver
us everything we need, sliver service and all."
"Are you ever allowed to take a drink?"
"Oh, yes; a little nip now and then."
"A mate's nip?"
"Any size you like. Hop Wah, take two glasses

CAPTAIN KAY'S HAT.

NOT MEANT TO BE A CASTAWAY. The story of the resurrectionary powers of Xero-ine Siccative in my notes lately reminds me of an It may have been known to some havai officers for years, it has never appeared in print before, and that it is not an advertisement for any firm's indelible ink. It is a well-known protective custom used by men who frequent London clubs, public dinners and evening parties, to have their names printeu in the inside of their hats, and the best hatters have types all ready, and a purchaser can, so to speak, "insure" his hat in this way without

A FRIEND OF RUSKIN.

From The London Globe.

From The London Globe.

The death of Miss Susanna Beever, of Coniston, one of the most intimate of Mr. Ruskin's small circle of friends there, is announced to-day. She was eighty-seven years old, and had spent nearly all her life at Coniston, in works of friendliness and charity among the dalesfolk. Soon after Mr. Ruskin settled at Coniston, in 1873, she made the book of extracts from "Modern Painters" which is now known as "Frondes Agrestes." The "Westmoreland Gazette" of to-day, in making the announcement of the death, states that the only lines that Mr. Ruskin has written since "Praeterita" took the form of a letter to Miss Beever, a few days before she died, to assure her of his constant regard. She retained to the end the spirit and wit which had made her a delightful companion, and whiled away the tedious hours of sleeplessness by repeating old English ballads, with which her memory was stored.

CIVILIZATION AT CABUL,

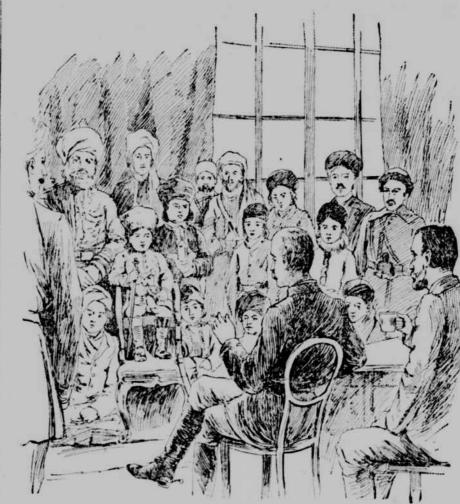
THE AMEER'S WORKSHOPS.

INDUSTRIES OF EUROPE AMONG THE AFGHAN HILLS.

AFTERNOON TEA AND CIGARETTES WITH A FOUR-YEAR-OLD PRINCE WHO HAS LEARNED TO SWEAR.

The British mission to Cabul has, it is announced, settled the vexed boundary question and established relations with the Ameer more amicable than ever before. This was, of the achievement of it is of the greatest value to men and boys seem very expert at this branch England and to India. But there has been something else accomplished, of even more inthe gaining and publishing of knowledge of the building, which is 150x35 feet, and the remarkable progress which the Afghans, from the furnace at one end molten metal can under the lead of their masterful and spirited | be carried to the other with ease and rapidity.

stone or brick masonry, with iron roofs. The principal chimney is over 100 feet high." The visitors next entered the gun forge, and saw there fourteen or fifteen guns lying round the two-ton steam hammer, the anvil of which was made in the workshops and weighs twenty-eight tons. Last year two guns were made in this forge of 5-inch calibre, and machinery is now on the way up to Cabul capable of boring and rifling anything up to 6-inch bore and 14 feet long. The shell department was next inspected. Two hundred and fifty men and boys are here actively employed, the boys moulding and the men fixing the cores. Owing to the difficulty of procuring moulding material, Mr. Pyne has to resort to what is locally available, and, though the shell-moulding machinery has been erected, the work of course, the prime object of the mission, and moulding has to be done mostly by hand. Both of work. In the general foundry castings six tons in weight have been turned out. An overterest to the rest of the world, and that is head travelling crane runs the whole length of



a task never before ventured upon by an Ameer | mills, which are only just being finished. The | to allow for the meltage and waste which is necesof Cabul.

The picturesque popular conception of Afghanistan is that of the poet:

Clutches his sword in fierce surmise As on the mountain-side he The fleet foot Marri scout, who come? To tell how he both heard afar measured roll of British drums Beat at the gates of Candaha

And that is doubtless quite right, so far as it But equally true would be a pleture show ing the Afghan chief sitting in an easy British any in Belgravia, seeing from afar the smoke and hearing from afar the whir ported, most of it from England. Now Cabul is

istan. Every piece of machinery, even the ponforests, up steep and narrow mountain passes.
So, too, with the thousands of tons of iron and steel used in the completed works. It is all brought in pigs and ingots from England, to be worked up by native labor into cannons and one branch of the work, which Mr. Pyne is worked up by native labor into cannons and one branch of the work, which all rifles and swords, and also the implements of proud of, is his soap-making plant, which has a large building to itself. This is an extremely profitable business, as the soap turned out finds a ready market at seven times its cost. A new Why not have continued to import the finished

ing machines for box making, etc. The men seemed thoroughly to understand their work. and even those who, owing to the early hour, had not started their day's labor, set their machines in motion for my edification. We next entered the engine rooms, and it positively takes one's breath away to see such engines in this remote part of the world. At present the power employed is as follows: For the cartridge shops, general woodwork, planing and minting, the machinery is composed of one pair condensing engines of 100 horse-power, one semi-portable engine of 18 horse-power, one semi-portable engine of 8 horse-power and one pair of condensing engines for rolling mills of 75 horsepower. One blowing engine of 10 horse-power is utilized for blast purposes for the whole of the workshops, thus effecting an immense saving in labor. From the engine rooms we went into the boiler houses, where there are two tubular boilers of 45 horse-power each, one Cornish boiler of 30 horse-power, one tubular of 16 horse-power, and one Root's boiler of 30 horse-power. These are all fired by wood, notwithstanding the difficulty in procuring it in sufficient quantities. All the buildings are of

ruler, are making in the arts and industries | The Ameer has himself more than once watched of Western civilization. It has long been this interesting process, and expressed his known, of course, that Abdurrahman Khan's | pleasure at its success, "We now cross to the ambition is not only to reunite the Afghan blacksmiths' shop, employing 250 blacksmiths tribes into a homogeneous nation, as Dost Mos and hammer-men, all Afghan artisans. There hammed also aimed to do, with indifferent suc- are sixty fires in this blacksmiths' shop served hundred-and-fifty-fifth-st, in an unbroken line, 100 cess, but also to bring them as far up toward by the blowing engine above mentioned. From buple of hours every morning, even with the life to serub decks? I be possible in the lifetime of one generation—

Although the consumption of ice in New-York

City reaches about 3,89,990 tons a year it is necessary to cut and store twice that amount in order

and so "



chair, in a room as modern in its appoint- size of these may be judged from the fact that rumble and roar of steam-driven mill and fac- transport from India, and has been put to- on the piers in Maine. This meant that the ice tory, foundry and forge, and rolling-mill and mint and armory, covering acres of ground between the Asmai and Shere Darwaza heights, face; and on the engine shaft itself is a small and employing a small army of swarthy and pinion wheel 2 feet in diameter. This engine sinewy Afghan workmen. These works were founded and are conducted under the supervision of an Englishman, a Mr. Pyne. But the plant in the shop. We next entered the caridea of founding them arose in Abdurrahman's riage shop, where the Martini-Henry solidbrain, and to him alone is to be given the drawn cartridges are manufactured. The lead credit of this remarkable advance in civilization. and gunpowder are of local make, and the cart-It must be borne in mind that all the plant- ridge metal has heretofore been purchased in the machinery-for these works had to be imset in motion Cabul will be able to manufacture not an easy place to reach. There is no railroad its own cartridges entirely. The capacity of for many a hundred miles, and the "good roads" this shop is sufficient to manufacture 10,000 propaganda has not yet extended into Afghanerto attained has never exceeded 6,000. Adjoinderous engines, had to be carried on the backs ing this shop is the one where the Martiniof camels and elephants, across deserts, through Henry barrels are produced. I was shown sev-

materials" also are imported from England. Why not have continued to import the finished articles, and avoided the toil and expense of building and conducting these works? A savage or a free trader would have done so, but Abdurrahman is neither. He wanted his people to learn to do these things. And then perhaps some day they will find coal and iron in their own mountains, and depend no longer upon the outer world even for raw materials.

Says a visitor who accompanied the mission, and who was allowed to inspect all parts of the works, writing in "The Times of India": "We were first shown over a workshop, 290 by 50 feet, in which gun boring was being carried on. Several breechloading guns were being operated on, though the majority of the workmen were absent at the Ameer's residence, where they had take two Hotchkiss six-pounders and three-pounder guns which were yesterday completed in the shops. All the guns that are now being made are of the breechloading type, for solid drawn cartridges. At the other end of this shop the saw-mills were at work. The machinery comprises log frames, three 42-inch circular saws, planing and mortising machines, and dovetailing machines for box making, etc. The men had a the way that struck him as most sultaling machines for box making, etc. The men had a the way that struck him as most sultaling machines for box making, etc. The men had a the way that struck him as most sultaling machines for box making, etc. The men had a three-pounder dependent of the saw-mills were at work. The machinery comprises log frames, three 42-inch circular saws, planing and mortising machines, and dovetailing machines for box making, etc. The men had a three-pounder guns which were the shade of the work of t rettes to be brought, and proceed to the rules us in the way that struck him as most sultable—he sent for his toys. They were clever, mechanical ones from London and Paris, and us in the way that struck him as most sultable—he sent for his toys. They were clever, mechanical ones from London and Parls, and he gave a demonstration of their working, solemnly watching our faces to see if we were amused. He asked if we would like some sweets. We assented; whereupon he called for pen and paper, and proceeded to write an order upon his storekeeper for a trayful. I need scarcely say the writing was understandable only by those who had heard the order. only by those who had heard the order given. When the sweets were brought he warned us not to eat them too fast, lest we should be iii. He rather wanted to join in, but his tutor hinted to him in a whisper that he had eaten enough already. There was a heard of little slave-boys round him—Kaffeis but his tutor hinted to him in a whisper that he had eaten enough already. There was a crowd of little slave-boys round him-Kaffris and Hazaras and others-prisoners of war, whose parents had been concerned in some of the numerous 'risings.' The Prince made me a present of one of them, telling me to choose the one I liked best. Of course, I made some ex-cuse, rather to the disappointment of my in-terpreter, who hoped I should pass the boy on to him. By the way, the Sultana had insisted on my vaccinating these boys at the time the Ameer had ordered me to vaccinate the Prince

One rounded teaspoonful of Cleveland's Baking Powder does more and better work than a heaping teaspoonful of others. A large saving on a year's bakings.

The best known writers on domestic science, as Marion Harland, Mrs. McBride, Mrs. Parker and Emily Hayes, and teachers of cookery, as Mrs. Rorer, Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Dearborn, use and recommend Cleveland's Baking Powder.

we were Feringhis. I had a chat with the tutor, who is Hakim, during which he gave me an extraordinary theory as to the pathology of dyspepsia. Then the Prince jumped up and showed us over his rooms, pointing out the various ornaments we were to admire. They were vases, lamps and so on, most of them 'made in Germany.' Then he led us out into the balcony overhanging the moat round the palace, and allowed us to admire the gardens and the beautiful view over the Shah-bagh Valley, with the Hindo Kush range in the distance. After an hour or so the messenger who had carried our salaams into the harem returned with the Sultana's thanks for our visit. The Sultana's messenger, I may mention, is a girl dressed as a page boy—in trousers, tunic, belt and turban. They call her serdar (prince), Then we asked permission to withdraw. The Prince shook hands with us politely, saying, 'khushamadeh' (welcome), and we bowed ourselves out." were Feringhis. I had a chat with the

MYRIAD TONS OF ICE.

A GREAT INDUSTRY ON THE HUDSON AND NEAR-BY LAKES.

SO MANY PROZEN BLOCKS ARE HARVESTED THAT THEY CANNOT BE STORED IN NEW-YORK CITY. One of the most conspicuous evidences of the growth of luxury in this city is the astonishing deelopment of the ice business during the last ten ensumption of that commodity.

It is not many years since the total consump tion of ice in New-York City did not amoun to more than a few hundred tons a week. During one of the hot weeks last summer one big ice company alone sold 27,000 tons of ice, while the other companies in the city handled as much more. In former years, Rockland Lake alone was sufficient to supply the entire annual consumption of ice in New-York City, its winter output being about 300,000 tons. At the present time this lake is reserved as the tenderioin cut of the ice harvest, as considered by many the purest ice in the world. It would be difficult to mention many articles which are not treated with ice, either in their manufacture or consumption. Where a fe years ago ice was regarded merely as a luxury, it is now regarded as an indispensable article every well-kept household and well-conducted line

THREE MILLION TONS USED HERE

It is impossible to get an idea of the amount of ice consumed in New-York City in one year by fig-Three million tons of ice are consumed by the city every year. To get some idea of the bulk represented by these figures, the following measurements will be made: Three million tons of solid ice, which if placed in the centre of Madison Square in the form of a monument 100 feet square would tower up to the sky for a distance of feet, or something like eight miles. Or if the same mass of ice were laid horizontally it would extend from the Battery along Broadway up to One-

sarily attendant upon the storing of this commodity for so many months before it is wanted for the market and transportation to the city. The greatest waste occurs in cutting the blocks into small pieces, which exposes a greater surface to the atmosphere, and consequently there is a greater

Several attempts have been made by ice dealers. to form an ice trust and "corners," but their efforts have uniformly failed. Their efforts have usually seen made in the years when the ice crop has put. Several years ago, when the ice crops on the Hudson were deficient and the city was largely dependent on the supply from Maine, a number of capitalists in that State bought up all the ice in the United States where they could find it. They a ton of the New-York ice companies for the ice would cost the New-York companies \$16 a ton when it seemed as if the "corner" would be successful, to Norway, and in a few weeks a fleet of brigs

to Norway, and in a few weeks a fleet of brigs spoiled the programme of the Maine capitalists so that the ice which they held at \$15 a ton dropped to \$1 before the season was over, and went begging at that.

Never before has the ice been in such great demand as it has for the last few years. This is partly owing to the great increase in the population, but to a greater extent it is due to the vast number of new inventions and appliances in which ice plays a principal part. The refrigerator cars which run from different parts of the United States to Chicago with their loads of fresh beef which run from different parts of the United States to Chicago with their loads of fresh beef require enormous quantities of ice, Cold-storage houses and the great number of breweries which have been put up within the last decade have greatly increased the demand for ice. So greats has been the increase that, notwithstanding the fact that the artificial ice companies which have started up in the last few years have been doing a paying and successful business, thus relieving somewhat the demand upon the natural ice, yet the natural ice companies have been compelled from time to time to seek new ice fields. THE GREAT FIELDS ON THE HUDSON.

With the exception of Rockland Lake, in Rock-County (which is the Indian name for "sweet water"), the bulk of the natural ice consumed in from which 2,000,000 to 2,250,000 tons of ice are taken annually. This ice is taken from the midchannel

of the Hudson, in that section running northward to Mariboro and stretching eighty miles northward northward from time to time, to meet the connorthward from time to time, to meet the con-stantly increasing demand for ice, and it is pos-sible before long that the harvest field will extend close to Albany. The ice in this part of the river is free from impurities, as the process of freezing projects all impurities into the river below. The labor of harvesting this immense quantity of ice gives employment to about 15,000 laborers during the winter, and it is looked forward to with much eagerness by workingmen, as many trades in the gerness by workingmen, as many trades in the ties are at a standstill during the cold season, price paid to skilled ice-harvesters varies, but a average price to the employe is about \$2 a day, that from \$29,000 to \$30,000 is spent in wages

WHERE THE ICE IS STORED.

Owing to the great bulk of this commodity and the enormous value of lands on Manhattan Island and its vicinity little of the ice is stored in the city, most of it being placed in enormous icehouses along the waters where the ice is cut and brought to the city in barges from time to time as the occasion demands. The Knickerbocker Ice Company has about the city of these houses along the pany has about fifty of these houses along the Hudson, with an ice-storing capacity of 7,000 to Hudson, with an ice-storing capacity of 7,000 to 65,000 tons each, or a total storing capacity of nearly 5,000,000 tons of ice. The attempt to establish ice-storage houses in this city in Hubert-st., near the old Red Fort, about ten years ago resulted disastrously, as the taxes ate up the profits of the business.

To avert as far as possible the dangers of an ice famine or an open winter, nearly all the ice companies endeavor to store considerably more ice than they expect to consume in the season. It was owing to this foresight that the ice famine in the summer of 1890 was not far more serious than it was.

The seasons for conting to the latest and the seasons to be latest as the seasons for continuous transfer and the seasons for the seasons for

was.

The seasons for cutting ice seem to be later and later every year. Twenty years ago it was usual to have the ice cutting begin some time before Christmas, and it not infrequently happened that the entire ice crop was harvested before New Year's Day. Now the ice cutting seldom begins before February or March.

TOO BEAUTIFUL TO LIVE.

From The London Spectator.

The pride and flower of all the youth of the Zoo is the young hippopotamus. As it lies on its side, with eyes half closed, its square nose like the end of a boister tilted upward, its little fat legs stuck out straight at right angles to its body, and its toes turned up like a duck's, it looks like a gigantic newborn rabbit. It has a pale, petunia-colored stomach, and the same artistic shade adorns the soles of its feet. It has a double chin, and its eyes, like a bull-calf's, are set on pedestals, and close gently as it goes to sleep with a bland, enormous smile. It cost isome the small, and, to quote the opinion of an eminent grazier, who was looking it over with a professional eye, it still looks like "growing into money." There are connoisseurs in hippoporamus breeding who think it almost too beautiful to live. From The London Spectator.

PARNELL'S SUCCESSOR.

THE IRISH LEADER WHO THREATENS TO TURN AGAINST MR. GLADSTONE.

There has been no leader of the Irish party at Westminster since Parnell. There has been, indeed, no Irish party there to be led; none, that is to say, in the old sense. There have been, and there are, two factions, with oftentimes the promise of a third; parties one scarcely should call them, since they are both fragments or divisions of the one great party that began in the famous days of obstruction and ended its career in Committee Room No. 15. Both have their leaders, but neither pays regard to the leader of the other. The larger of the two, first dubbed Justinians, but now anti-Parnellites, has, in truth, a variety of lead-



ers-Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Sexton, Mr. O'Brice Mr. Dillon and perhaps some others, not to mention Mr. Healy, who all in himself presents perennial promise of a third faction, of which himself would be leader and follower both. The smaller of the two, and more compact, was once in opprobrious derision dubbed the Fire Brigade for causes unhappily remembered, but best to be forgot, but now bears the honored title of Parnellites. These are they who formed the hopeless minority in Committee Room No. 15, who clung to their great leader through evil as well as good report, and who to-day bear his name, cherish his public principles, and pursue undeviatingly the path marked out by him.

These Parnellites, unlike their rivals, are content with a single leader. And he is a leader with authority among them almost comparable with that which his great predecessor wielded over all the Irish Commoners. He is not, of course, to be compared with Parnell in all the elements and attributes of statesmanship. Yet, for more reasons than one, John Redmond is more fittingly to be regarded as Parnell's suc-

cessor than any of his compatriots. For one thing, Mr. Redmond has that reserve of force and that self-containment which so strongly characterized Parnell. He is, it is true, an Irishman, and Parnell was not; that is. by ancient origin and long descent. Yet there is about him none of that wildness of demeanor which hostile critics attribute to Irishmen, nor many of them possess. He is not as cold and secretive as was Parnell. He is genial, cordial, sympathetic and warm-hearted, while to keep his own counsel in time of need. But he is moderate and reasonable, more ready to work diligently and methodically and even patiently for the end in view, than to make a mad, helter-skelter rush for it.

With such traits of disposition Mr. Redmond has a pleasant and even commanding physical presence. He is of medium height, sturdily, though not heavily built. His full, genial face is smooth-shaven, save for a small mustache, and his features are as clean-cut and decisive as his mind. His hair, parted at the left side, is wavy, and falls in a curl over the middle of his broad, high forehead, and his eyes look keenly yet kindly from beneath their heavy brows. As he sits in his easy chair, with the inevitable cigarette between his fin gers, and talks calmly but earnestly of the future of Home Rule for Ireland, he presents a picture of a man well qualified for leadership of others by virtue of entire mastery of self.

Mr. Redmond holds unwaveringly to Parnell's doctrine of the absolute independence of the Irish Parliamentary party. He is willing to march with Mr. Gladstone so long as Mr. Gladstone walks in his path. But he has no notion of taking, at Mr. Gladstone's pleasure, a single step to the right or to the left. He is ready to form a working alliance, for the time and purpose being, with the Gladstonians, or with any English party that will serve his purposes; but neither through gratitude nor through hope will he ever form a fusion with any, or in any degree merge the identity and independence of his party into any other organization. If, therefore, in the next session of Parliament, Mr. Gladstone departs from the lines of procedure which Mr. Redmond has laid with respect to Home Rule, Mr. Redmond will promptly repudiate what slight alliance there has been between them, and be ready to give his vote and the votes of his followers against

When the next general election occurs Mr. Redmond expects to see the Parnellites successful over the Anti-Parnellites. They would have been, he believes, at the last election, but for clerical influence. He is a devout Catholic himself, but he does not hesitate to say that the priests actively influenced the voters last year, and thus placed the Parnellites in a minority. Had it not been for the priests, the Parnellites would have had an overwhelming majority. He does not expect this priestly influence to vanish, but he believes it will not be hereafter directed so expressly against the Parnellites. "The influence of the priests," he says, "will not disappear until we get Home Rule, and even then the first Irish Parliament will be elected by the priests. But then a large minority & the Catholics will join hands with the Protestants, and will form so strong an opposition that in a few years the Irish Parliament will be free from all undue clerical influence." the priests actively influenced the voters last

AN ARTIST'S MEMORIAL.

Paris Letter in The London Standard.

A monument to the memory of Raffet, erected in the garden of the Louvre, was inaugurated in the presence of all the leading notabilities of the artistio world. It consists of the bust of that artist on a granite pillar, with a trophy of three flags, representing the First Republic, the First Empire and the reign of Louis Philippe. Surrounding the staffs of these flags is a wreath of laurel and a cuirass with a hole in it made by a cannon ball. It is the exact copy of the cuirass at the Artillery Museum at the Ivalides, which belonged to a young carabineer of the empire named Fauveau, killed at Waterloo. The large bronze figure at the foot of the pedestal represents one of the masterpieces of Raffet, the Revil. It is that of a drummer of the Fusiliers of the Guard of 1896. The drummer is beating to arms, and at his feet is a suitable inscription. This extremely artistic monument is the work of M. Fremiet, the well-known sculptor and author of the monument to Joan of Arc. Paris Letter in The London Standard.